

What was Revolutionary about the French Revolution?

by
Robert Darnton



THE ELEVENTH
Charles Edmondson Historical Lectures



Baylor University • Waco, Texas
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FOREWORD


In 1975 Dr. E. Bud Edmondson of Longview, Texas, began an endowment fund at Baylor University to honor his father, Mr. Charles S. B. Edmondson. Dr. Edmondson's intent was to have the proceeds from the fund used to bring to the University outstanding historians who could synthesize, interpret, and communicate history in such a way as to make the past relevant to the present generation.

Baylor University and the Waco community are grateful to Dr. Edmondson for his generosity in establishing the CHARLES EDMONDSON HISTORICAL LECTURES.

On the occasion of the bicentennial of the French Revolution, Dr. Robert Darnton, the eleventh Edmondson Lecturer, offers a reasoned defense of what the French Revolutionaries were trying to achieve, and urges us to look beyond political events to understand the idealism and universality of their goals. Lecture I stresses the impact of that idealism on everything from children's names to women's fashion, and Lecture II discusses its effects in the literary world.

The views expressed in these lectures are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the position of Baylor University or of the Markham Press Fund.

Although the Charles Edmondson Historical Lectures have been presented annually at Baylor University since 1978, they have not always been available for publication by the Markham Press Fund. Therefore, while this volume represents the seventh of the lectures to be published, they were the eleventh presented in the lecture series. A list of previous lectures appears at the end of this work.



LECTURE I

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AT STREET LEVEL

What was so revolutionary about the French Revolution? The question might seem impertinent at a time like this, when all the world is congratulating France on the 200th anniversary of the storming of the Bastille, the destruction of feudalism, and the *Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen*. But the bicentennial hoopla has little to do with what actually happened two centuries ago.

Historians have long pointed out that the Bastille was almost empty on July 14, 1789. Many of them argue that feudalism had already ceased to exist by the time it was abolished, and few would deny that the rights of man were swallowed up in the Terror only five years after they were first proclaimed. Does a sober view of the Revolution reveal nothing but misplaced violence and hollow proclamations—nothing more than a “myth,” to use a term favored by the late Alfred Cobban, a skeptical English historian who had no use for guillotines and slogans?

One might reply that myths can move mountains. They can acquire a rock-like reality as solid as the Eiffel Tower, which the French built to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Revolution in 1889. France will spend millions in 1989, erecting buildings, creating centers, producing concrete contemporary expressions of the force that burst loose on the world two hundred years ago. But what was it?

Although the spirit of '89 is no easier to fix in words than in mortar and brick, it could be characterized as energy—a will to build a new world from the ruins of the regime that fell apart in the summer of 1789. That energy permeated everything during the French Revolution. It transformed life, not only for the activists trying to channel it in directions of their own choosing but for ordinary persons going about their daily

business.

The idea of a fundamental change in the tenor of everyday life may seem easy enough to accept in the abstract, but few of us can really assimilate it. We take the world as it comes and cannot imagine it organized differently, unless we have experienced moments when things fall apart—a death perhaps, or a divorce, or the sudden obliteration of something that seemed immutable, like the roof over our head or the ground under our feet.

Such shocks often dislodge individual lives, but they rarely traumatize societies. In 1789 the French had to confront the collapse of a whole social order—the world that they defined retrospectively as the Ancien Régime—and to find some new order in the chaos surrounding them. They experienced reality as something that could be destroyed and reconstructed, and they faced seemingly limitless possibilities, both for good and evil, for raising a utopia and for falling back into tyranny.

To be sure, a few seismic upheavals had convulsed French society in earlier ages—the bubonic plague in the fourteenth century, for example, and the religious wars in the sixteenth century. But no one was ready for a revolution in 1789. The idea itself did not exist. If you look up “revolution” in standard dictionaries from the eighteenth century, you find definitions that derive from the verb to revolve, such as “the return of a planet or a star to the same point from which it parted.”

The French did not have much of a political vocabulary before 1789, because politics took place at Versailles, in the remote world of the king's court. Once ordinary people began to participate in politics—in the elections of the Estates General, which were based on something approximating universal male suffrage, and in the insurrections of the streets—they needed to find words for what they had seen and done. They developed fundamental new categories, such as “left” and “right,” which derive from the seating plan of the National Assembly, and “revolution” itself. The experience came first, the concept afterwards. But what was that experience?

Only a small minority of activists joined the Jacobin clubs, but everyone was touched by the Revolution because the Revolution reached into everything. For example, it recreated time and space. According to the revolutionary calendar adopted

in 1793 and used until 1805, time began when the old monarchy ended, on September 22, 1792—the first of Vendémiaire, Year I.

By formal vote of the Convention, the revolutionaries divided time into units that they took to be rational and natural. There were ten days to a week, three weeks to a month, and twelve months to a year. The five days left over at the end became patriotic holidays, *jours sans-culottides*, given over to civic qualities: Virtue, Genius, Labor, Opinion, and Rewards.

Ordinary days received new names, which suggested mathematical regularity: primidi, duodi, tridi, and so on up to décadi. Each was dedicated to some aspect of rural life so that agronomy would displace the saints' days of the Christian calendar. Thus November 22, formerly devoted to Saint Cecilia, became the day of the turnip; November 25, formerly Saint Catherine's day, became the day of the pig; and November 30, once the day of Saint Andrew, became the day of the pick. The names of the new months also made time seem to conform to the natural rhythm of the seasons. January 1, 1793, for example, would be the 12th of Nivôse, Year 1, Nivôse being the month of snow, located after the months of fog (Brumaire) and cold (Frimaire) and before the months of rain (Pluviôse) and wind (Ventôse).

The adoption of the metric system represented a similar attempt to impose a rational and natural organization on space. According to a decree of 1795, the meter was to be “the unit of length equal to one ten-millionth part of the arc of the terrestrial meridian between the North Pole and the Equator.” Of course, ordinary citizens could not make much of such a definition. They were slow to adopt the meter and the gram, the corresponding new unit of weight, and few of them favored the new week, which gave them one day of rest in ten instead of one in seven. But even where old habits remained, the revolutionaries stamped their ideas on contemporary consciousness by changing everything's name.

Fourteen hundred streets in Paris received new names, because the old ones contained some reference to a king, a queen, or a saint. The Place Louis XV, where the most spectacular guillotining took place, became the Place de la Révolution; and later, in an attempt to bury the hatchet, it acquired its present

name, Place de la Concorde. the Church of Saint-Laurent became the Temple of Marriage and Fidelity; Notre Dame became the Temple of Reason; Montmartre became Mont Marat. Thirty towns took Marat's name—thirty of 6,000 that tried to expunge their past by name changes. Montmorency became Emile; Saint-Malo became Victoire Montagnarde; and Coulanges became Cou Sans-Culottes (*anges* or *angels* being a sign of superstition).

The revolutionaries even renamed themselves. It wouldn't do, of course, to be called Louis in 1793 and 1794. The Louis called themselves Brutus or Spartacus. Last names like Le Roy or Lévêque, very common in France, became La Loi or Liberté. Children got all kinds of names foisted on them—some from nature ("Pissenlit" or Dandelion did nicely for girls, "Rhubarb" for boys) and some from current events ("Fructidor," "Constitution," "The Tenth of August," "Marat-Couthon-Pique"). The foreign minister Pierre-Henri Lebrun named his daughter "Civilisation-Jémappes-République."

Meanwhile, the queen bee became a "laying bee" ("abeille pondeuse"); chess pieces were renamed, because a good revolutionary would not play with kings, queens, knights, and bishops, and the kings, queens, and jacks of playing cards became liberties, equalities, and fraternities. The revolutionaries set out to change everything: crockery, furniture, law codes, religion, the map of France itself, which was divided into departments—that is, symmetrical units of equal size with names taken from rivers and mountains—in place of the irregular old provinces.

Before 1789, France was a crazy-quilt of overlapping and incompatible units, some fiscal, some judicial, some administrative, some economic, and some religious. After 1789, those segments were melted down into a single substance: the French nation. With its patriotic festivals, its tricolor flag, its hymns, its martyrs, its army, and its wars, the Revolution accomplished what had been impossible for Louis XIV and his successors: it united the disparate elements of the kingdom into a nation and conquered the rest of Europe. In doing so, the Revolution unleashed a new force, nationalism, which would mobilize millions and topple governments for the next two hundred years.

Of course, the nation-state did not sweep everything before it. It failed to impose the French language on the majority of

the French people, who continued to speak all sorts of mutually incomprehensible dialects, despite a vigorous propaganda drive by the revolutionary Committee on Public Instruction. But in wiping out the intermediary bodies that separated the citizen from the state, the Revolution transformed the basic character of public life.

It went further: it extended the public into the private sphere, inserting itself into the most intimate relationships. Intimacy in French is conveyed by the pronoun *tu* as distinct from the *vous* employed in formal address. Although the French sometimes use *tu* quite casually today, under the Old Regime they reserved it for asymmetrical or intensely personal relations. Parents said *tu* to children, who replied with *vous*. The *tu* was used by superiors addressing inferiors, by humans commanding animals, and by lovers—after the first kiss, or exclusively between the sheets. When French mountain climbers reach a certain altitude, they still switch from the *vous* to the *tu*, as if all men become equal in the face of the enormity of nature.

The French Revolution wanted to make everybody *tu*. Here is a resolution passed on 24 Brumaire Year II (November 14, 1793) by the department of the Tarn, a poor, mountainous area in southern France: "Considering that the eternal principles of equality forbid that a citizen say 'vous' to another citizen, who replies by calling him 'toi' . . . decrees that the word 'vous,' when it is a question of the singular [rather than the plural, which takes 'vous'], is from this moment banished from the language of the free French and will on all occasions be replaced by the word 'tu' or 'toi.'"

A delegation of sans-culottes petitioned the National Convention in 1794 to abolish the *vous* ". . . as a result of which there will be less pride, less discrimination, less social reserve, more open familiarity, a stronger leaning toward fraternity, and therefore more equality." That may sound laughable today, but it was deadly serious to the revolutionaries: they wanted to build a new society based on new principles of social relations.

So they redesigned everything that smacked of the inequality built into the conventions of the Old Regime. They ended letters with a vigorous "farewell and fraternity" ("salut et fraternité") in place of the deferential "your most obedient and humble

servant." They substituted Citizen and Citizeness for Monsieur and Madame. And they changed their dress.

Dress often serves as a thermometer for measuring the political temperature. To designate a militant from the radical Sections of Paris, the revolutionaries adopted a term from clothing: *sans-culotte*, one who wears trousers rather than breeches. In fact, workers did not generally take up trousers, which were mostly favored by seamen, until the nineteenth century. Robespierre himself always dressed in the uniform of the Old Regime: *culottes*, waistcoat, and a powdered wig. But the model revolutionary, who appears on broadsides, posters and crockery from 1793 to the present, wore trousers, an open shirt, a short jacket (the *carmagnole*), boots, and a liberty cap (Phrygian bonnet) over a "natural" (that is, uncombed) crop of hair, which dropped down to his shoulders.

Women's dress on the eve of the Revolution had featured low necklines, basket-skirts, and exotic hair styles, at least among the aristocracy. Hair dressed in the "hedgehog" style ("en hérisson") rose two or more feet above the head and was decorated with elaborate props—as a fruit bowl or a flotilla or a zoo. One court coiffure was arranged as a pastoral scene with a pond, a duck hunter, a windmill (which turned), and a miller riding off to market on a mule while a monk seduced his wife.

After 1789, fashion came from below. Hair was flattened, skirts deflated, necklines raised, and heels lowered. Still later, after the end of the Terror when the Thermidorean Reaction extinguished the Republic of Virtue, fast-moving society women like Mme Tallien exposed their breasts, danced about in diaphanous gowns, and revived the wig. A true *merveilleuse* or fashionable lady would have a wig for every day of the *décade*; Mme Tallien had thirty.

At the height of the Revolution, however, from mid-1792 to mid-1794, virtue was not merely a fashion but the central ingredient of a new political culture. It had a puritanical side, but it should not be confused with the Sunday-school variety preached in nineteenth-century America. To the revolutionaries, virtue was virile. It meant a willingness to fight for the fatherland and for the revolutionary trinity of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

At the same time, the cult of virtue produced a revalorization of family life. Taking their text from Rousseau, the revolutionaries sermonized on the sanctity of motherhood and the importance of breast feeding. They treated reproduction as a civic duty and excoriated bachelors as unpatriotic. "Citizenesses! Give the Fatherland Children!" proclaimed a banner in a patriotic parade. "Now is the time to make a baby," admonished a slogan painted on revolutionary pottery.

Saint-Just, the most extreme ideologist on the Committee of Public Safety, wrote in his notebook: "The child, the citizen, belong to the fatherland. Common instruction is necessary. Children belong to their mother until the age of five, if she has [breast] fed them, and to the Republic afterwards . . . until death."

It would be anachronistic to read Hitlerism into such statements. With the collapse of the authority of the church, the revolutionaries sought a new moral basis for family life. They turned to the state and passed laws that would have been unthinkable under the Old Regime. They made divorce possible; they accorded full legal status to illegitimate children; they abolished primogeniture. If, as the *Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen* proclaimed, all men are created free and equal in rights, shouldn't all men begin with an equal start in life? The Revolution tried to limit "paternal despotism" by giving all children an equal share in inheritances. It abolished slavery and gave full civic rights to Protestants and Jews.

To be sure, one can spot loopholes and contradictions in the revolutionary legislation. Despite some heady phrasing in the so-called Ventôse Decrees about the appropriation of counter-revolutionaries' property, the legislators never envisaged anything like socialism. And Napoleon reversed the most democratic provisions of the laws on family life. Nevertheless, the main thrust of revolutionary legislation is clear: it substituted the state for the church as the ultimate authority in the conduct of private life, and it grounded the legitimacy of the state in the sovereignty of the people.

Popular sovereignty, civil liberty, equality before the law—the words fall so easily off the tongue today that we cannot begin to imagine their explosiveness in 1789. We cannot think ourselves back into a mental world like that of the Old Regime,

where most people assumed that men were unequal, that inequality was a good thing, and that it conformed to the hierarchical order built into nature by God himself. To the French of the Old Regime, liberty meant privilege—that is, literally, “private law” or a special prerogative to do something denied to other persons. The king, as the source of all law, dispensed privileges and rightly so, for he had been anointed as the agent of God on earth. His power was spiritual as well as secular, so by his royal touch he could cure scrofula, the king’s disease.

Throughout the eighteenth century, the philosophers of the Enlightenment challenged those assumptions, and pamphleteers in Grub Street succeeded in tarnishing the sacred aura of the crown. But it took violence to smash the mental framework of the Old Regime, and violence itself, the iconoclastic, world-destroying, revolutionary sort of violence, is also hard for us to conceive.

True, we treat traffic accidents and muggings as everyday occurrences. But compared with our ancestors, we live in a world where violence has been drained out of our daily experience. In the eighteenth century, Parisians commonly passed by corpses that had been fished out of the Seine and hung by their feet along the riverbank. They knew a “mine patibulaire” was a face that looked like one of the dismembered heads exposed on a fork by the public executioner. They had witnessed dismemberments of criminals at public executions. And they could not walk through the center of the city without covering their shoes in blood.

Here is a description of the Paris butcheries, written by Louis-Sébastien Mercier a few years before the outbreak of the Revolution:

They are in the middle of the city. Blood courses through the streets; it coagulates under your feet, and your shoes are red with it. In passing, you are suddenly struck with an agonized cry. A young steer is thrown to the ground, its horns tied down; a heavy mallet breaks its skull; a huge knife strikes deep into its throat; its steaming blood flows away with its life in a thick current. . . . Then bloodstained arms plunge into its smoking entrails; its members are hacked apart and hung up for sale. Sometimes the steer, dazed but not downed by the first blow, breaks its ropes

and flees furiously from the scene, mowing down everyone in its paths. . . . And the butchers who run after their escaped victim are as dangerous as it is. . . . These butchers have a fierce and bloody appearance: naked arms, swollen necks, their eyes red, their legs filthy, their aprons covered with blood, they carry their massive clubs around with them always spoiling for a fight. The blood they spread seems to inflame their faces and their temperaments. . . . In streets near the butcheries, a cadaverous odor hangs heavy in the air; and vile prostitutes—huge, fat, monstrous objects sitting in the streets—display their debauchery in public. These are the beauties that those men of blood find alluring.

A serious riot broke out in 1750 because a rumor spread through the working-class sections of Paris that the police were kidnapping children to provide a blood-bath for a prince of the royal blood. Such riots were known as “popular emotions”—eruptions of visceral passion touched off by some spark that burned within the collective imagination.

It would be nice if we could associate the Revolution exclusively with the *Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen*, but it was born in violence and it stamped its principles on a violent world. The conquerors of the Bastille did not merely destroy a symbol of royal despotism. One hundred fifty of them were killed or injured in the assault on the prison; and when the survivors got hold of its governor, they cut off his head, and paraded it through Paris on the end of a pike.

A week later, in a paroxysm of fury over high bread prices and rumors about plots to starve the poor, a crowd lynched an official in the war ministry named Foulon, severed his head, and paraded it on a pike with hay stuffed in its mouth as a sign of complicity in the plotting. A band of rioters then seized Foulon’s son-in-law, the intendant of Paris Bertier de Sauvigny, and marched him through the streets with the head in front of him, chanting “Kiss papa, kiss papa.” They murdered Bertier in front of the Hôtel de Ville, tore the heart out of his body, and threw it in the direction of the municipal government. Then they resumed their parade with his head beside Foulon’s. “That is how traitors are punished,” said an engraving of the scene.

Gracchus Babeuf, the future leftist conspirator, described the general delirium in a letter to his wife. Crowds applauded at the sight of the head on the pikes, he wrote. "Oh! That joy made me sick. I felt satisfied and displeased at the same time. I said, so much the better and so much the worse. I understood that the common people were taking justice into their own hands. I approve that justice . . . but could it not be cruel? Punishments of all kinds, drawing and quartering, torture, the wheel, the rack, the whip, the stake, hangmen proliferating everywhere have done such damage to our morals! Our masters . . . will sow what they have reaped."

It also would be nice if we could stop the story of the Revolution at the end of 1789, where the current French government wants to draw the line in its celebrating. But the whole story extends through the rest of the century—and of the following century, according to some historians. Whenever its stopping point, it certainly continued through 1794; so we must come to terms with the Terror.

We can find plenty of explanations for the official Terror, the Terror directed by the Committee of Public Safety and the Revolutionary Tribunal. It was not very devastating, at least not by twentieth-century standards, if you make a bodycount of its victims and if you believe in measuring such things statistically. It took about 17,000 lives. There were less than 25 executions in half the departments of France, none at all in six of them. Seventy-one percent of the executions took place in areas where civil war was raging; three quarters of the guillotined were rebels captured with arms in their hands; and 85 percent were commoners—a statistic that is hard to digest for those who interpret the Revolution as a class war directed by bourgeois against aristocrats. Under the Terror the word "aristocrat" could be applied to almost anyone deemed to be an enemy of the people.

But all such statistics stick in the throat. Any attempt to condemn an individual by suppressing his individuality and by slotting him into abstract, ideological categories is inherently inhuman. The Terror was terrible. It pointed the way toward totalitarianism. It was the trauma that scarred modern history at its birth.

Historians have succeeded in explaining much of it (not all,

not the hideous last month of the "Great Terror" when the killing increased while the threat of invasion receded) as a response to the extraordinary circumstances of 1793-1794: the invading armies about to overwhelm Paris; the counter-revolutionaries, some imaginary, many real, plotting to overthrow the government from within; the price of bread soaring out of control and driving the Parisian populace wild with hunger and despair; the civil war in the Vendée; the municipal rebellions in Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux; and the factionalism within the national Convention, which threatened to paralyze every attempt to master the situation.

It would be the height of presumption for an American historian sitting in the comfort of his study to condemn the French for violence and to congratulate his countrymen for the relative bloodlessness of their own revolution, which took place in totally different conditions. Yet what is he to make of the September Massacres of 1792, an orgy of killing that took the lives of more than 1,000 persons, many of them prostitutes and common criminals trapped in prisons like the Abbaye?

We don't know exactly what happened, because the documents were destroyed in the bombardment of the Paris Commune in 1871. But the sober assessment of all the surviving evidence by Pierre Caron suggests that the massacres took on the character of a ritualistic, apocalyptic mass murder. Crowds of sans-culottes, including men from the butcheries described by Mercier, stormed the prisons in order to extinguish what they believed to be a counter-revolutionary plot. They improvised a popular court in the prison of the Abbaye. One by one the prisoners were led out, accused, and summarily judged according to their demeanor. Fortitude was taken to be a sign of innocence, faltering as guilt. Stanislas Maillard, a conqueror of the Bastille, assumed the role of prosecutor; and the crowd, transported from the street to rows of benches, ratified his judgment with nods and acclamations. If declared innocent, the prisoner would be hugged, wept over, and carried triumphantly through the city. If guilty, he would be hacked to death in a gauntlet of pikes, clubs, and sabres. Then his body would be stripped and thrown on a heap of corpses or dismembered and paraded about on the end of a pike.

Throughout their bloody business, the massacrers talked

about purging the earth of counter-revolution. They seemed to play parts in a secular version of the Last Judgment, as if the Revolution had released an undercurrent of popular millenarianism. But it is difficult to know what script was being performed in September 1792. We may never be able to fathom such violence or to get to the bottom of the other "popular emotions" that determined the course of the Revolution: the Great Fear of the peasants in the early summer of 1789; the uprisings of July 14 and October 5-6, 1789; and the revolutionary "days" of August 10, 1792, May 31, 1793, 9 Thermidor Year II (July 27, 1794), 12 Germinal Year III (April 1, 1795), and 1-4 Prairial Year III (May 20-23, 1795). In all of them the crowds cried for bread and blood, and the bloodshed passes the historian's understanding.

It is there, nonetheless. It will not go away, and it must be incorporated in any attempt to make sense of the Revolution. One could argue that violence was a necessary evil, because the Old Regime would not die peacefully and the new order could not survive without destroying the counter-revolution. Nearly all the violent "days" were defensive—desperate attempts to stave off counter-revolutionary coups, which threatened to annihilate the Revolution from June 1789 until November 1799, when Bonaparte seized power. After the religious schism of 1791 and the war of 1792, any opposition could be made to look like treason, and no consensus could be reached on the principles of politics.

In short, circumstances account for most of the violent swings from extreme to extreme during the revolutionary decade. Most, but not all—certainly not the slaughter of the innocents in September 1792. The violence itself remains a mystery, the kind of phenomenon that may force one back into metahistorical explanations: original sin, unleashed libido, or the cunning of a dialectic. For my part, I confess myself incapable of explaining the ultimate cause of revolutionary violence, but I think I can make out some of its consequences. It cleared the way for the redesigning and rebuilding that I mentioned above. It struck down institutions from the Old Regime so suddenly and with such force that it made anything seem possible. It released utopian energy.

The sense of boundless possibility—"possibilism" one could

call it—was the bright side of popular emotion, and it was not restricted to millenarian outbursts in the streets. It could seize lawyers and men of letters sitting in the Legislative Assembly. On July 7, 1792, Antoine-Adrien Lamourette, a deputy from Rhône-et-Loire, told the Assembly's members that their troubles all arose from a single source: factionalism. They needed more fraternity. Whereupon the deputies, who had been at each other's throats a moment earlier, rose to their feet and started hugging and kissing one another as if their political divisions could be swept away in a wave of brotherly love.

The "kiss of Lamourette" has been passed over with a few indulgent smiles by historians who know that one month later the Assembly would fall apart before the bloody uprising of August 10. What children they were, those men of 1792, with their overblown oratory, their naive cult of virtue, their simple-minded sloganeering about liberty, equality, and fraternity!

But we may miss something if we condescend to people in the past. The popular emotion of fraternity, the strangest in the trinity of revolutionary values, swept through Paris with the force of a hurricane in 1792. We can barely imagine its power, because we inhabit a world organized according to other principles, such as tenure, take-home pay, bottom lines, and who reports to whom. We define ourselves as employers or employees, as teachers or students, as someone located somewhere in a web of intersecting roles. The Revolution at its most revolutionary tried to wipe out such distinctions. It really meant to legislate the brotherhood of man. It may not have succeeded any better than Christianity christianized, but it remodeled enough of the social landscape to alter the course of history.

How can we grasp those moments of madness, of suspended disbelief, when anything looked possible and the world appeared as a tabula rasa, wiped clean by a surge of popular emotion and ready to be redesigned? Such moments pass quickly. People cannot live for long in a state of epistemological exhilaration. Anxiety sets in—the need to fix things, to enforce borders, to sort out "aristocrats" and patriots. Boundaries soon harden, and the landscape assumes once more the aspect of immutability.

Today most of us inhabit a world that we take to be not the best but the only world possible. The French Revolution

has faded into an almost imperceptible past, its bright light obscured by a distance of two hundred years, so far away that we may barely believe in it. For the Revolution defies belief. It seems incredible that a whole people could rise up and transform the conditions of everyday existence. To do so is to contradict the common working assumption that life must be fixed in the patterns of the common workaday world.

Have we never experienced anything that could shake that conviction? Consider the assassinations of John F. Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, and Martin Luther King, Jr. All of us who lived through those moments remember precisely where we were and what we were doing. We suddenly stopped in our tracks, and in the face of the enormity of the event we felt bound to everyone around us. For a few instants we ceased to see one another through our roles and perceived ourselves as equals, stripped down to the core of our common humanity. Like mountaineers high above the daily business of the world, we moved from *vous* to *tu*.

I think the French Revolution was a succession of such events, events so terrible that they shook mankind to its core. Out of the destruction, they created a new sense of possibility—not just of writing constitutions or of legislating liberty and equality, but of living by the most difficult of revolutionary values, the brotherhood of man.

Of course, the notion of fraternity comes from the Revolution itself rather than from any higher wisdom among historians, and few historians, however wise, would assert that great events expose some bed-rock reality underlying history. I would argue the opposite: great events make possible the social reconstruction of reality, the reordering of things-as-they-are so they are no longer experienced as given but rather as willed, in accordance with convictions about how things ought to be.

Possibilism against the givenness of things—those were the forces pitted against one another in France from 1789 to 1799. Not that other forces were absent, including something that might be called a “bourgeoisie” battling something known as “feudalism,” while a good deal of property changed hands and the poor extracted some bread from the rich. But all those conflicts were predicated on something greater than the sum of their parts—a conviction that the human condition is

malleable, not fixed, and that ordinary people can make history instead of suffering it.

Two hundred years of experimentation with brave new worlds have made us skeptical about social engineering. In retrospect, the Wordsworthian moment can be made to look like a prelude to totalitarianism. The poet bayed at a blood moon. He barked, and the caravan passed, a line of generations linked together like a chain gang destined for the gulag.

Maybe. But too much hindsight can distort the view of 1789 and of 1793-94. The French revolutionaries were not Stalinists. They were an assortment of unexceptional persons in exceptional circumstances. When things fell apart, they responded to an overwhelming need to make sense of things by ordering society according to new principles. Those principles still stand as an indictment of tyranny and injustice. What was the French Revolution all about? Liberty, equality, fraternity.

LECTURE II
FROM ENLIGHTENMENT
TO REVOLUTION:
THE LITERARY REVOLUTION
OF 1789

I have divided this lecture into two parts: one part sociology, one part heresy. Since heresy is more interesting than sociology, I will concentrate on part two; and I will announce its central proposition right away, so that you can prepare objections while I work my way through some preliminary statistics. My thesis goes as follows: one of the most important tasks of the French Revolution was to rewrite Molière.

Now to the sociology. It concerns a set of related questions about the facts of literary life under the Old Regime—questions so seemingly simple that you would think they had been answered long ago:

How many writers were there in eighteenth-century France?

Where did they come from?

And how did they fit into the social order?

Those questions soon turn into an inquiry about sources. There is a great deal of information about individual authors scattered about the world, but it is so disparate and uneven that it resists any attempt to create a coherent series of statistics about authors in general. Short of enlisting an army of graduate students to run a dragnet through all the archives and libraries of France, the only way I can imagine to form a picture of the literary population as a whole is to study one exceptionally rich source: La France littéraire, an informal guide to writers and writing published at regular intervals throughout the second half of the eighteenth century. La France littéraire began as

an almanac, tiny enough to fit into the daintiest vest pocket, and ended as a multi-volume reference work, part biographical dictionary and part bibliography. In the course of its metamorphoses through a dozen editions and supplements, it became a fixture of literary life, a kind of Who's Who consulted by anyone who wanted to locate anyone else within the Republic of Letters.

It has defects, of course. In fact, it was a hack work produced by a hack writer, the abbé Joseph de La Porte. La Porte was a de-frocked Jesuit who took up writing as a way of life and actually managed to make a living from it—one of the very few writers under the Old Regime who actually lived from his pen. He did so by producing a great deal—at least 214 volumes by my count—on every conceivable subject, from the economy of China to the domestic lives of English women. Not that he wrote everything he printed. “The important thing,” he reportedly remarked, “is not to write but to publish.” La Porte compiled, abridged, digested, and anthologized. He was the supreme scissors-and-paste man, the king of the hacks, in an age when hack writing first came into its own.

Given the character of its author, one should not expect *La France littéraire* to be a great work of literature. It is not, but it is a remarkably exhaustive one. La Porte knew how to compile information. He kept files, issued appeals for help, received reports from provincial savants everywhere in the kingdom, and improved his book as it progressed from edition to edition. By 1757, it can be taken as a reasonably accurate guide to France's literary population. And its later editions, especially those of 1769 and 1784, show how that population evolved throughout the second half of the century.

Now, that, I submit, is important, because we do not have the foggiest notion, not even a ballpark estimate, of how many writers existed at any time in eighteenth-century France. By reworking La Porte's data—tricky business, since every entry must be checked for duplications and errors—one can sketch the outline of a literary demography.

The number of living writers who appear in the three main editions of *La France littéraire* can be summarized as follows:

1757	1769	1784
1,187	2,367	2,819

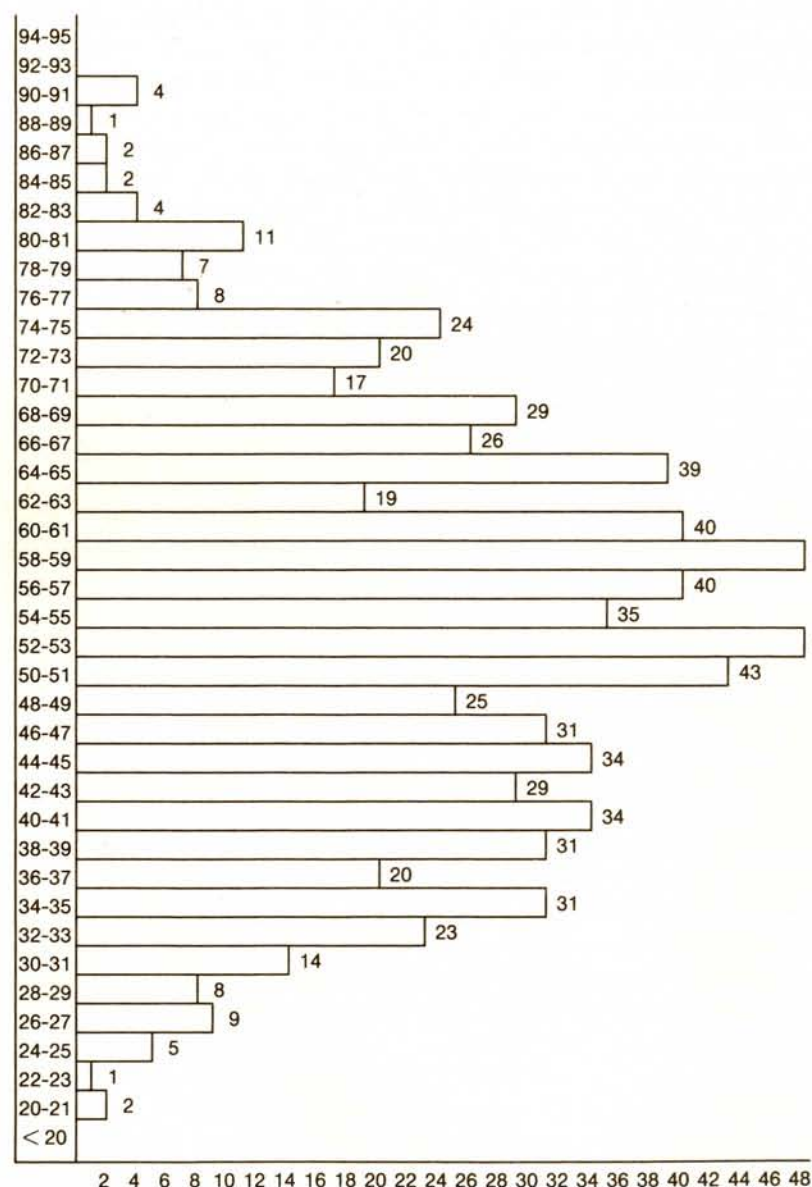
For various reasons having to do with the inferior quality of the 1784 edition, which was published after La Porte's death, I think the last figure is much too low. I would estimate the number of writers in France at the outbreak of the Revolution as at least 3,000 and probably much more. The literary population had more than doubled since the middle of the century.

What should we make of those figures? Three thousand writers in a country of twenty-six million: were they a burden on the economy? a sector of social unrest? a source of ideological discontent? The numbers don't mean much by themselves, and they raise all kinds of definitional difficulties. La Porte defined a “writer” as anyone who has published a book (and he did not specify what he meant by a book). Very arbitrary, you will object. But not so bad, when you think of it. At least La Porte's definition is workable, and it avoids the anachronism built into the modern notion that a writer is someone who somehow makes his living from writing.

Conditions in eighteenth-century France made that kind of professionalism almost unthinkable. The lack of effective copyright, the prevalence of pirating, the non-existence of royalties, the cumbersome constraints of the censorship system, and the monopolistic practices of the booksellers' guild made it virtually impossible to live from the pen—with a few exceptions like La Porte himself. Louis-Sébastien Mercier estimated that only thirty writers supported themselves from writing in the 1780s—30 of 3,000 or one in a hundred. The Republic of Letters was suffering from a population explosion on the eve of the Revolution, and it offered nothing but misery for anyone who tried to rise through its ranks without an independent income.

What were the characteristics of this population? Figure one shows its demographic profile in 1784. (I have similar profiles for 1757 and 1769, but they are not very revealing.) Having expected to find youth, I was surprised to discover a middle-aged bulge in the center of the bar graph. The average age of the writers was 53, and there were more of them in their sixties and seventies than in their twenties and thirties. This pattern may be something of an optical illusion, however, because many aspiring writers published a volume at an early

Figure 1. Age in 1784: 764 identified, 27% of total (2819).
Average: 53.



age, failed to gain any recognition or income, gave up writing in order to pursue another career, and nonetheless continued to appear in *La France littéraire* for the rest of their lives. The number of these inactive authors cannot be determined. It probably was large enough to mitigate the population pressure. But I doubt that France could have supported 2,000 or even 1,000 active writers. And whatever their number, it seems likely that the inactive ones identified themselves, at least to some degree, with "literary France." They belonged to the Republic of Letters in spirit, even if they could produce little more than a brief entry in *La France littéraire* to substantiate their claim to citizenship.

The geographical origins of the writers can be studied on the adjoining map (figure two). They fall into a pattern like that on other maps of cultural life under the Old Regime—maps showing variations in literacy rates, in the density of schools, and in subscriptions to the *Encyclopédie*. In each case, a fertile north-northeast stands out in contrast to an underdeveloped south-southwest. The exceptions are scattered along the commercial arteries leading from Lyon to Marseilles and from Toulouse to Bordeaux. Four-fifths of the authors came from the provinces, mainly from small towns and villages; and most of them probably lived in Paris at some point in their lives. I don't have figures on emigration to the capital; but if they were available, I suspect they would bear out some standard themes in the literature of the time: Paris soaked up talent from the provinces, and it may well have corrupted some of the country boys who arrived with the dream of scoring hits in the Comédie française and *bons mots* in the salons.

Figure three shows the socio-occupational positions of the authors. Like any sociological grid, it raised problems about defining categories and sorting out data; but I think it works quite well. It certainly illustrates the relative importance of the three estates, which can be summarized as follows:

	1757	1769	1784
Clergy	32%	24%	20%
Nobility	9%	12%	14%
Third Estate	55%	59%	59%
Unidentified	4%	5%	7%

Figure 2. Birthplaces in 1784: 860 identified, 31% of total (2819).
Born in Paris: 20%.

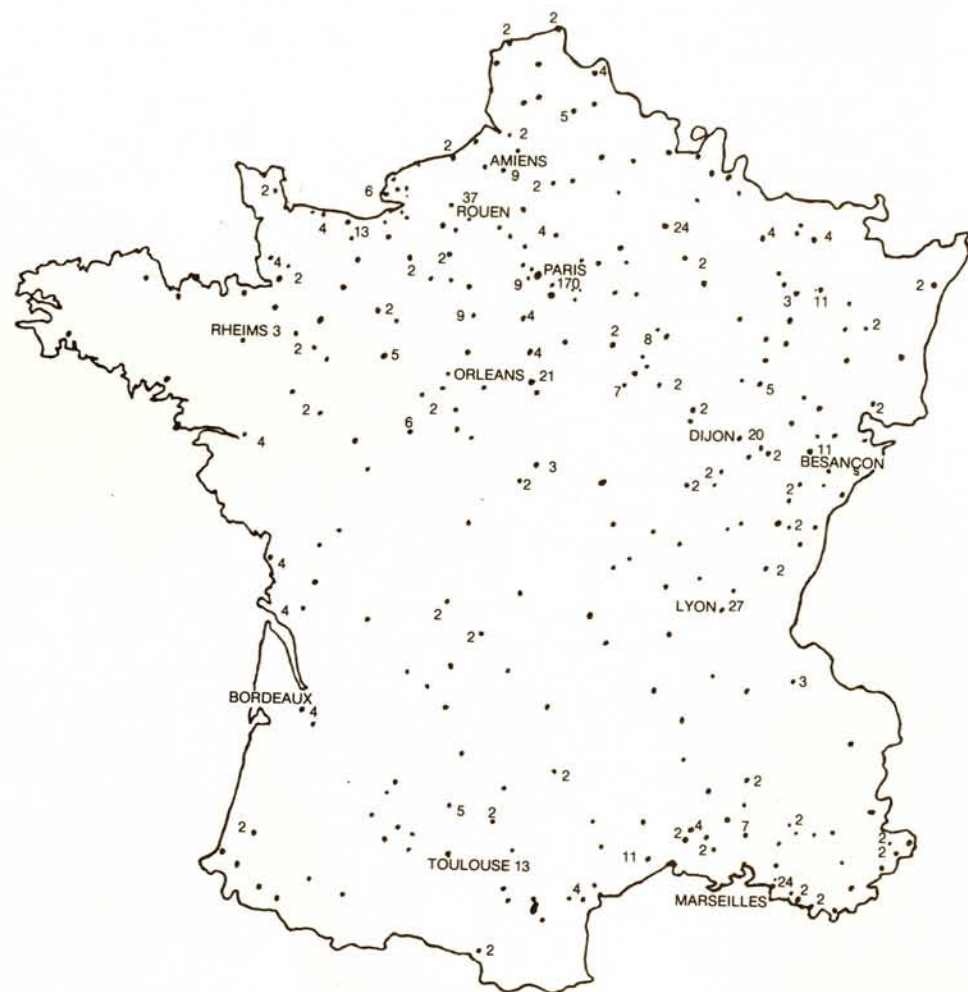


Figure 3. Socio-Occupational position in 1757, 1769, and 1784.

	1757		1769		1784	
	Number	Percent	Number	Percent	Number	Percent
Upper Clergy, secular	7	1	15	1	13	1
Upper Clergy, regular	4	0	1	0	1	0
Lower Clergy, secular	120	14	194	12	196	13
Lower Clergy, regular	151	17	168	11	91	6
Titled Nobility, no office	9	1	21	1	50	3
Officer, upper administration	8	1	20	1	17	1
Officer, military	38	4	85	5	109	7
Officer, sovereign courts	17	2	64	4	42	3
Officer, high finance	8	1	23	1	1	0
Officer, lower courts	6	1	17	1	20	1
Lower administration	42	5	63	4	51	3
Lawyer, Attorney	67	8	169	11	162	11
Law personnel	2	0	3	0	3	0
Doctor, Surgeon	106	12	231	15	244	16
Apothecary	1	0	13	1	13	1
Engineer/Architect	17	2	30	2	35	2
Rentier	3	0	2	0	0	0
Lower Finance	4	0	5	0	6	0
Merchant	2	0	9	1	14	1
Manufacturer	1	0	2	0	0	0
Bookseller, Master Printer	5	1	26	2	23	2
Intellectual trades	198	23	309	20	295	20
Professor	93	11	165	10	167	11
Private Teacher	26	3	44	3	38	3
Journalist	9	1	9	1	5	0
Librarian	7	1	19	1	23	2
Interpreter	5	1	8	1	3	0
Secretary	15	2	15	1	12	1
Scribe	2	0	8	1	8	1
Sinecure	26	3	15	1	14	1
Actor, Theater personnel	8	1	15	1	21	1
Musician	7	1	11	1	4	0
Protestant Clergy	18	2	7	0	8	1
Student	0	0	1	0	1	0
Employee	4	0	8	1	1	0
Shopkeeper	1	0	1	0	4	0
Artisan	8	1	17	1	15	1
Servant	1	0	1	0	0	0
Women, no profession	14	2	42	3	49	3
Other	6	1	30	2	29	2
	868	99	1577	100	1493	98
	73% of total:		67% of total:		53% of total:	
	1187		2367		2819	

The privileged orders occupied a disproportionately important place in the Republic of Letters. Although the clergy and nobility together represented less than five percent of the population, they made up one third of all the authors on the eve of the Revolution. True, the percentage of priests declined from 1757 to 1784, but the percentage of noblemen increased. If we must characterize literary France by some formula, it would be more accurate to invoke the "mixed elite" favored by revisionist social historians than the "conquering bourgeoisie" of the Marxists.

When examined more closely, the writers of the third estate include a high proportion of professional men: engineers, architects, lawyers, and especially doctors. By contrast, the commercial and industrial bourgeoisie is almost non-existent: only fourteen writers were merchants and none at all were manufacturers in 1784. The largest group of them belonged to what I would call the "intellectual trades": teachers, secretaries, scribes, librarians, journalists, and actors. They congregated in cafes and garrets at the heart of the Republic of Letters; and they provided most of its energy as well as its prose and poetry, in contrast to the more casual varieties of writers scattered through the provinces—the country doctors who published papers on cures and epidemics and the parish priests who put out collections of their sermons.

It would be misleading, however, to consider these Parisians as "professionals," even if writing itself can be construed as a profession. They supported themselves by intellectual odd jobs, not by selling their wares in the literary marketplace; and most of them lived in misery. A tiny minority penetrated into the world of the salons, where they picked up pensions, sinecures, and seats in the academies. But most writers without an independent income sank into Grub Street, where they lived like Rameau's nephew, on whatever scraps they could find. It is impossible to calculate the population of Grub Street, because hack writers had no "état," no clearly defined estate or occupation, which could be attached to their name in *La France littéraire* and provide them with a social identity. They probably made up the bulk of the unidentified writers in the statistics, 47 percent of the total in 1784. So if I may hazard a guess, I would estimate that France contained 1,000 hungry hacks when the Revolution exploded in 1789.

Did the literary population include many writers from the lower classes? A few, like Restif de la Bretonne and Jamerey Duval, were born in the peasantry. But I could find none living among the common people in the country and only nineteen, one percent of those identified, living as shopkeepers or artisans in the 1780s.

Were there many women? The question has some urgency, now that feminist scholars are reworking literary history and rediscovering women writers. La Porte, like many defrocked priests, had a sharp eye for women, especially literary women. In 1769 he published a four volume *Histoire littéraire des femmes françaises*. But he found very few among his contemporaries: only 51 in 1784, or less than two percent of the total. In an earlier attempt to study the social history of authorship, I extracted statistics from a remarkable survey of the literary population of Paris conducted by the police from 1748 to 1753. The police tracked down every "author" they could find (they used the term "auteur" without defining it, but it can be taken broadly to mean anyone who ever published anything). They came up with 501, but only sixteen were women. Of course women had great influence on literary life as readers, leaders of salons, and arbiters of taste. Statistics do not provide an adequate measure of their importance. But insofar as quantification can produce a sociological profile of writers as a whole, I think the conclusion is clear: only a tiny proportion of "literary France" was female.

With those caveats about statistics in mind, it should now be possible to venture a few more conclusions of a sociological sort. Most writers under the Old Regime belonged to a mixed elite, which consisted of a great many members of the privileged orders, an equal number from the professional bourgeoisie, and a large contingent from the intellectual trades. Their share of industrialists, workers, peasants, and women was disproportionately small. And they lacked writers of the modern variety—the kind who live from their pen as independent intellectuals. To be sure, an intelligentsia of sorts had begun to emerge by 1750. It grew up around Voltaire, Diderot, and the other *philosophes*. But it did not yet have a clear social identity and a firm economic base. In fact, it shaded off into Grub Street, the marginal element of the Republic of Letters, which lay

outside the categories of civil society.

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It would be nice if I could stop at this point as if we had the subject firmly nailed down. But there is something unreal about all these graphs, maps, and socio-occupational grids. Nothing could be further from the writers' sense of their experience. Yes they lived through the phenomena that we cut apart and rearrange according to the conventions of our sociology. What would those phenomena look like if translated back into terms used by the writers themselves? To cope with that question, we need to shift the mode of study. Having attempted to produce a macro-sociological photograph of the literary world in general, I now propose to go to the other extreme and to try some microscopic analysis of texts.

Fortunately, eighteenth-century authors produced an enormous literature about authorship. Much of it merely vented squabbles and lamentations of a parochial sort, but some can be read as a commentary on the facts of literary life, which I have already tried to summarize statistically. I would like to discuss two pairs of such works: two literary almanacs by Antoine Rivarol and two plays by Fabre d'Eglantine. In each case, one work was written just before and one just after 1789; so the double pair of texts provides a neat, comparative, before-and-after view of literature and revolution.

At first glance, Rivarol's almanac, *Le Petit Almanach de nos grands hommes* (1788), looks like a sequel to La Porte's. It presents itself as a survey of all the authors in France, or at least all the poets, for Rivarol generally restricted his coverage to belles-lettres and promised to provide entries on the least known authors of the least memorable madrigals. In fact, the poems are so trivial and the poets so obscure that one soon realizes the "almanac" is a joke, an elaborate send-up of literary life at a time when the supply of *sensiblerie* had far exceeded the demand. By combing through all the ephemera of his day, Rivarol produced a stupendous roll call of mediocrities. He turned the literary world upside down, burying the most famous writers in silence and exposing the smallest fry to the grossest praise.

For example:

Rigoley de Juvigny: A writer who is completely unknown, thanks to the power of his eloquence, his poetry, his philosophy and erudition.

Pons de Verdun: A literary Hercules. He has not feared to sign about 10,000 epigrams or vignettes in verse and to send them to all the almanacs and reviews.

Perrot, master poet and tailor in Paris: He favors the tragic muse. Here are two of his best known and most pathetic verses:

Alas, alas, alas, and four times alas,

He cut right through his neck with a stroke of his cutlass.

The burlesque almanac conveyed a kind of satirical sociology; and the satire worked, because it cut deep into literary life—life as it was actually lived by most French writers, not in a rarefied Republic of Letters but in garrets, cafes, and the columns of fifth-rate periodicals. To be sure, Rivarol made his victims look so absurd that one may suspect him of inventing everything in their mock biographical notices, including their existence. But he usually documented his assertions, and I have confirmed his references by tracing a sample of them into the obscure poetry reviews, the *muses* and *étrennes* and *almanachs*, that proliferated everywhere in prerevolutionary France and have since been forgotten. I felt skeptical when I found Rivarol linking two particularly ridiculous *beaux-esprits*, a M. Briquet and a M. Braquet. But the two can be found, exactly as he noted, in the *Muses provinciales* of 1788, Briquet as the author of an ode based on Psalm 129, Braquet as the author of an allegory. Every character in *Le Petit Almanach*, no matter how laughable, seems to have actually existed.

In fact, Rivarol did his research so thoroughly that it has some relevance to the question of literary demography. He identified 672 poets—672 poets in a society about to explode in the first great revolution of modern times! It gives one pause. It amounts to something that might be called the *literarification* of public life, if that were not such an unliterary way to put it—a tendency pointed out by Tocqueville and that is still going strong in France, where the prestige of letters is invoked in political campaigns and Chamber of Commerce propaganda.

In quantitative terms alone, *Le Petit Almanach* demonstrated the severity of the population problem in literature.

Rivarol's rhetoric, for all its tendentiousness, shows how that problem entered into contemporary discourse about literature. In a facetious preface, Rivarol claimed that his book originated from a parlor game devised by two Parisian wits. Weary of discussing the great authors of the past, they decided to concentrate on "la petite littérature" of the present. One named a minor writer and challenged the other to identify him. After meeting the challenge, the other riposted with an equally unknown name. The competition warmed as the names flew back and forth. It was the world's first trivia contest. "Mérard de Saint-Just," called out the first wit. "Joli de Plancy," answered the second. "Lourdeteau de Santerre" came the reply, and "Regnault de Beaucaron," the counter attack. It was "Briquet" here and "Braquet" there; "Guinguenet," "Moutonnet," "Fricot," "Pistolet," "Mitraille," "Cathala-Cotire"—an "army of Lilliputians" on either side with salvos of titles so unfamiliar that the onlookers finally protested. The contestants had to be making it up. Certainly not, they retorted indignantly. There really was a writer named Levrier de Champrion and another known as Delormel de la Rotiere. They could prove it, given an adequate supply of *almanachs* and *étrennes*. So the parlor game turned into a research project, and the result was *Le Petit Almanach de nos grands hommes*.

There was also a sub-text. Rivarol described "low literature" as a world of insects. In his preface, he promised to "descend from those imposing colossi [great writers] to the smallest insects; and you will feel your admiration for nature increase when I arrive at that vast throng of families, of tribes, of nations and empires hidden beneath a blade of grass." This theme came from Voltaire, who a generation earlier in *Le Pauvre Diable* had also treated "la basse littérature" as a population problem: "Egypt of old had fewer locusts."

Rivarol picked up the theme where Voltaire had left it. In fact, he remarked facetiously that Voltaire would have used *Le Petit Almanach* as a reference work, had it been available while he was writing *Le Pauvre Diable*. But in Rivarol's version, the picture of low literature as an underworld of insects looked more menacing. The creatures swarming in obscurity might

appear ridiculous, but they could scratch and claw. Thus, Jean-Louis Carra:

After having written fifteen or sixteen volumes of physics about the atom, the apatom, and the exatom, which everyone knows by heart, he has not disdained to fall on M. de Calonne. Armed with invincible eloquence, he delivered the last blow to the dying lion.

Rivarol was referring to Carra's *M. de Calonne tout entier*, a crucial pamphlet in the barrage of radical propaganda that helped to drive Etienne de Calonne, the Controller General, from the government and finally from France during the crisis surrounding the Assembly of Notables. *Le Petit Almanach* appeared in 1788. In it, the first rumblings of the Revolution can already be heard, and literature has already spilled over into politics.

Two years later, Rivarol published a sequel: *Petit dictionnaire des grands hommes de la Révolution* (1790). He used the same format, style, and satirical technique as in his earlier almanac, but now he completed the transition from literature to politics. His little great men were all leaders of the French Revolution. Many of them had appeared in the first book, because they were also little great men of letters: Fabre d'Eglantine, Collot d'Herbois, Desmoulins, Fréron, Manuel, Mercier, Gorsas. They turned up again in the sequel, along with others of the same stripe: Sieyès, Brissot, Danton, Grant, Marat, and Pétion. In a particularly well-placed barb, Rivarol hailed Robespierre as the author of a madrigal, "which was the despair of Voltaire in his old age." The Incorruptible appeared as a puffed-up little scribbler from the provinces, a fifth-rate *littérateur*, who took advantage of his position in the National Assembly to lecture all of France on how to make a revolution. Rivarol's Robespierre was already Poor Bidos.

And Rivarol's satire had turned into counter-revolutionary propaganda. Almost every figure in his pantheon of clowns represented the same theme: the mediocrities of the Old Regime had taken over the Revolution; they were compensating for their frustrations and failures under the old order by careers in the new. In fact, the demographic tensions of the Old Regime's Republic of Letters had become transformed into the politics

of the Revolution: they were a prime source of the Revolution's leadership. Rivarol's mockery of the leaders operated as a kind of pop sociology à la Taine.

Yet Rivarol continued to view politics from the perspective of literature. Here is how he described the National Assembly:

What miracles patriotism works! The dullest spirits of literature have proven to be the profoundest of the Assembly. The most illustrious ignoramuses of France's youth have not appeared to be embarrassed or out of place before the Parisian mob. In a word, the enemies of the language have suddenly become the defenders of the nation.

The little great men of the Revolution sinned in the same way as those of the Old Regime: they sinned against language. Rivarol concentrated most of his fire on radical journalists and orators, and he objected less to the substance of what they said than to the way they used words. Thus his article on Desmoulins:

It is in the street that M. Desmoulins has set himself up and exercised his eloquence, and he has all the passers-by as his admirers. With three learned words—nation, lantern, and aristocrat—he has succeeded in putting himself on the same level as the valiant butcher's apprentice, the shy fish-monger, and all the new readers produced by the Revolution. Only such pens are capable of leading the people and of accustoming it to having ideas.

Rivarol condemned Prudhomme's *Révolutions de Paris* for fomenting sedition with the same vulgarity: "In order for a mere journal to have such a great effect, its style must correspond to its purpose and it must succeed in charming the most barbarous reader."

It hardly seems surprising that the author of the celebrated essay *De l'Universalité de la langue française* (1784) should have shown a concern for language. But after 1789 Rivarol defended esthetic standards as if they were social and political distinctions. He noted with satisfaction that the members of the Académie française did not support the Revolution, except for a few deviants like Bailly, who had been misled by "the noble simplicity of his character." It was the hack writers who rallied to the cause of the common people. In doing so, they

destroyed high society and elevated taste at the same time; and they also produced a social revolution within the world of letters: such was the mischief wrought by the freedom of the press.

What a noble source of abundance is the liberty of the press! It has merely destroyed talent and good taste, and ruined a few individuals who stood out as the opprobrium of a million poor scribblers. So equality of the mind ["l'égalité d'esprit"] can be counted as one of the greatest achievements of the National Assembly.

Seen at a distance of two hundred years, Rivarol's bitterness may look odd. We expect social distinctions to be expressed in terms of social consciousness and politics to be political. But Rivarol's categories do not coincide with ours. He saw politics through literature, and he understood literature in the broadest sense as a force that shaped a way of life. When he sided with the counter-revolution, he took up a stand for good taste, pure language, elegant manners, and even Enlightenment, for he always wrote in the spirit of Voltaire. He developed an esthetic view of the social order and depicted the Revolution as a battle between an older, patrician civilization and a vulgar, vandalistic, plebeian culture.

Rivarol's chain of associations was peculiar to his time, but it has not come completely apart. Insofar as we still associate snobbery with the Right and vulgarity with the Left, we draw on distinctions that he helped to embed in the revolutionary process, along with more fundamental divisions like the opposition of Left and Right itself, which derived from the seating plan of the National Assembly. The Revolution was a time of rearranging affinities and of sorting things out into new configurations. Literature was part of this process, and Rivarol succeeded in defining its part—at least from the viewpoint of the Right.

For a view from the Left, we should turn to Fabre d'Eglantine. He exposed the social and political sides of literature in two plays, *Les Gens de lettres*, performed at the Comédie italienne on September 21, 1787, and *Le Philinte de Molière*, which opened at the Comédie française on February 22, 1790. Unlike the works of Rivarol, they are almost unreadable today. So instead of

discussing them in detail, I will be merciful and limit myself to an overview of their main themes.

Les Gens de lettres is actually a fascinating work, despite its heavy-handed plot and its arthritic alexandrine verse, because it provides a picture of the literary world from the perspective of someone on the bottom. That was Fabre's place. He had spent fifteen years as an actor and hack writer in just the sort of obscurity that was satirized by Rivarol. In fact, he was in *Le Petit Almanach*, where Rivarol had dispatched him in one sentence: "The success of his plays . . . is balanced by the prodigious rage for his couplets, which have charmed everyone in the salons."

The hero of *Les Gens de lettres*, an obscure poet from the provinces named Clar, writes masterpiece after masterpiece in a Parisian garret but remains frozen out of a successful career by the villains of the play, who make up most of the cast of characters. They include salon dandies, fashionable playwrights, exploitative publishers, mercenary journalists, and an assortment of *beaux-esprits*, who have taken over literature and turned it into a monopoly of the *beau monde*. While they shut off access to the top of the literary world, hordes of ambitious young writers flood the bottom; for Fabre treats overpopulation as a basic fact of life: "There are as many poets in Paris as stones in the street." At every turn in the plot, Clar runs into an insurmountable obstacle. He cannot get any payment from his publishers, a hearing in the salons, or a sinecure from the dispensers of patronage. His genius counts for nothing, because protection is everything and literature itself is merely a social system, closed to all except the privileged few.

These conditions are about to overwhelm Clar, when he is saved by a *deus ex machina*. A virtuous, bourgeois millionaire arrives from the provinces, recognizes Clar's talent, and carries him off to a country estate, where he writes masterpieces happily ever after. The text is bathed in Rousseauism. It has all the catch words—pity, virtue, nature, equality, *bienfaisance*—and it invokes Rousseau himself at one point as the pure genius who refuses to compromise with the system and therefore gives up writing and withdraws to a garret, where he lives by copying music. In short, Fabre describes the same world as that in

Rivarol's *Petit dictionnaire*, but he does so from the opposite point of view. He presents it as a *comédie larmoyante* instead of as a subject of ridicule. And he invokes Rousseau instead of Voltaire.

Also, I should add, he failed miserably. The reviewers all heaped scorn on the play. The public hooted it off the stage on opening night, and it has never been performed since.

Two years later, in *Le Philinte de Molière*, the Rousseauism was even more explicit. Fabre opened the play with a prologue in which an actor advanced to the front of the stage, pulled a copy of Rousseau's *Lettre à d'Alembert sur les spectacles* from his pocket, read an excerpt from it, and announced that Jean-Jacques had inspired everything that was to follow. The inspiration would have been obvious to most of the audience in any case, because Fabre wrote a sequel to Molière's *Misanthrope* according to the formula in the *Lettre à d'Alembert*. He made Alceste the hero and Philinte the villain. Then, continuing the action from the point where Molière had left it, he turned the plot into a moral lesson about virtue confounding vice. Nowhere does the text betray the slightest hint of humor. Instead, it is one long declamation against the hypocrisy and wickedness of high society (*le monde*).

This time Fabre scored a hit. Virtue was the height of fashion in 1790; and Fabre's defense of it produced enthusiastic applause from the public and unanimous praise from the reviewers—including some, like La Harpe, who had panned the earlier play. The strongest and longest review came from Camille Desmoulins, who celebrated *Le Philinte de Molière* as, in effect, the collective triumph of the Cordelier District.

Desmoulins's reaction seems especially interesting to me, because it indicates the sociological and ideological lay of the land occupied by the extreme Left during the first year of the Revolution. In February 1790, Desmoulins had emerged as the principal spokesman for the radicals associated with the Cordelier Club, and Fabre, his close friend, was president of the Cordelier District. The district had a peculiar place in the new political geography of Paris, because it included an extraordinary number of literary institutions: the old Académie française, the old Comédie française, the theatres of the Foire Saint-Germain, the Café Procope, and the Musée de Paris, a

literary club frequented by fifth-rate poets and pamphleteers—that is, by exactly the kind of writers whom Rivarol had satirized. In fact, Rivarol had singled out the Musée for mockery by dedicating his *Petit Almanach* to its horde of geniuses in 1788, and in 1791 the Cordelier Club set up headquarters in the Musée's assembly hall on the rue Dauphine. Everything seems to fit. The political radicals moved into the space occupied by the marginal intellectuals as if they were acting out a script composed by Rivarol.

Yet the fit seems almost too good, and I for one find it puzzling. *Le Philinte de Molière* was a period piece. It presented Molière's characters in a seventeenth-century setting without making the slightest overt allusion to the Revolution. But while the actors exchanged alexandrines in costumes from the reign of Louis XIV, the population outside the theatre was tearing down the most important institutions from the France of Louis XVI and constructing a whole new world. The French were locked in a deep, desperate struggle to determine the character of the new regime—its constitution, religion, property rights, administrative structure, law codes, and even its weights and measures. How could they take time off for Molière? Why, aside from his personal friendship for Fabre, did Desmoulins drop his usual political commentary in order to produce a long review of this literary revisionism, as if it were perfectly natural for the Cordeliers to be concerned with *Le Misanthrope*?

Moreover, it all seems so involuted. We have Desmoulins's version of Fabre's version of Rousseau's version of Molière's version of the conflict between moral absolutism and worldliness. It is like a game of mirrors. But why was this literary game so important to the French? Why was it played at all?

We are back to my heresy. And to make it more heretical still, let me, by way of an answer, try to formulate it in a more extreme manner: the French Revolution was a literary revolution.

Now, that is a very wicked thing to say, so I hasten to add that I think the Revolution involved a great deal more than literature. It was an attempt to destroy a whole way of life and to create a new one. It was opposed by its very nature to the cultural system of the Old Regime. And insofar as it

transformed French culture, it revolutionized French literature—not merely literature as a set of texts but literature as a social system and the very notion of literature itself. The revolutionaries freed the press, disbanded the booksellers' guild, abolished the monopolies of the Comédie française and the Opéra, destroyed the academies, scattered the salons, and smashed the system of court patronage. They demolished the world that Fabre had dramatized in *Les Gens de lettres* and that Rivarol regretted in *Le Petit Dictionnaire*. And while they dismantled the institutions of the literary old regime, they made their new variety of literature into an ingredient of a new, revolutionary culture. Molière lay at the heart of the old literary system, so the revolutionaries redid Molière. They repossessed their past and remade literary history. To carry "literarification" so far was not to play a game at all; it was to contribute to the social reconstruction of reality.

That may sound excessively abstract, so let me try to explain. Unlike some revisionists today, I do not understand the Revolution as a political phenomenon derived from the "discourse" of theorists like Rousseau and Sieyès. I think it was a total revolution, in its programs and often in its practice—a revolution in time, space, and personal relations as well as in politics and society; a revolution so big that it could not be comprehended by the people who made it. The twentieth century has accustomed us to mass upheavals, and our history books have laid out revolutions with such clarity—"crisis of the old order," "insurrection," "radicalization," "terror," and "reaction"—that we find it difficult to appreciate the scale and the confusion of the events that took place in France two hundred years ago. To the people in the midst of it, the French Revolution numbed the senses and staggered the mind. It tore their world apart. And when things fell apart, they felt an overwhelming need to make sense of things, to find some orders in the new regime that was confusedly coming into being. That job fell to the intellectuals—that is, to the men who had a way with words and who had played with words for years among the ranks of the 3,000 writers under the Old Regime. Fabre, for example, did not merely rework *Le Misanthrope*; he helped to reorder time by producing a nomenclature for the new, rational, natural, revolutionary calendar. To rewrite Molière and to

redesign time belonged to the same task, the social reconstruction of reality.

But one cannot remake reality ex nihilo. The intellectuals naturally fell back on their experience and worked with themes that they had inherited from the Old Regime. They opposed Rousseauistic moralizing to Voltairean satire, and they framed their remarks in familiar genres: the *drame bourgeois* vs. the burlesque almanac, the Ciceronian declamation vs. the *bon mot*. The form was as important as the content, because the radical journalists and orators did not distinguish style from substance. They hated satire the way they hated high society, and they distrusted wit as a sign of an aristocratic disposition.

Their attitudes varied, of course. Some made use of popular strains of humor: hence the belly laugh of the Père Duchesne and the mockery of the Vieux Cordelier. But even these seemed treasonous to Robespierre. When he looked back at the literature of the Old Regime, he saw an alien world of refinement and corruption. Although he acknowledged the importance of the Enlightenment as a "preface to our Revolution," he smashed the bust of Helvétius in the Jacobin Club and vilified the Encyclopedists:

The high priests [of the Encyclopedist sect] sometimes declaimed against despotism, but they received pensions from despots. On some occasions they wrote books against the court but on others they penned dedications to kings, speeches for courtiers, and madrigals for aristocratic ladies. They were proud in their writings and obsequious in the antechambers of the great.

"Men of letters in general" seemed suspicious to Robespierre. Having guillotined a heavy proportion of writers amongst the Girondins, the Hébertistes, and the Dantonists, he deplored their role in the Revolution and singled out only one writer from the Old Regime for praise: Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

One man, by the greatness of his soul and the grandeur of his character, proved himself worthy to be the educator of the human race. He attacked tyranny openly; he spoke with enthusiasm of the divinity; he used his virile, righteous eloquence to portray virtue in flaming colors. . . . The purity

of his doctrine, inspired by nature and by a profound hatred of vice, and his invincible scorn for the intriguing sophists who had usurped the title of philosopher, drew upon him the hatred and persecution of his rivals and false friends.

On October 24, 1793, Fabre presented his project for the revolutionary calendar to the Convention. When he listed the patriotic festivals to be celebrated at the end of the year, he put Genius first and Virtue third. Robespierre objected. Virtue must come first, he insisted. It was a moral force essential to a republic, whereas Genius was nothing more than a literary quality, possessed by men like Voltaire: "The author of Brutus had genius, but Brutus was more worthy than Voltaire." A few months later, Robespierre denounced Fabre as an artful intriguer who used his experience on the stage to cabale and corrupt "on the theatre of the Revolution." When Robespierre reworked Rousseau's ideas, he took them off the stage and into the street. He marched them about Paris in the Festival of the Supreme Being. And he turned them against Fabre himself, who went to the guillotine as a kind of Philinte, the essence of corruption in the eyes of the Incorruptible.

The revolutionaries used Rousseau in different ways at different times and often against one another. I do not mean to imply that they spoke with one voice or that the literary revolution was simple and unanimous. I am arguing, rather, that it belonged to a common task, which arises in all great revolutions and which was so enormous after 1789 that historians have rarely recognized it—the task of remaking reality from the rubble of an old regime. As products of the literary system peculiar to the Old Regime in France, the writers of the Revolution revolutionized through literature. They began in 1789 by capturing the sacred center of the old literary system—the space shaped by Molière—and they ended in 1794 by working it into the core of a new political culture.

* * * * *

Such, at least is my thesis. To demonstrate it, I would have to make a long detour through literary history—that is, through territory you might call the "old historicism." I have no time for that now, but if you will grant me a few more minutes

I will try to explain what I think was at stake in the opposition between Voltaire and Rousseau, which was what ultimately lay behind the opposed positions occupied by Rivarol and Fabre.

And if I may inject a theoretical component into the argument, I would like to steal a leaf from Pierre Bourdieu. I think it is helpful to imagine the literary system of the Old Regime as what Bourdieu calls a "field" of power relations, organized around two opposing "poles" or "habitus": the ideological and esthetic positions embodied by Voltaire and Rousseau. There were also intermediate positions—Diderot's, for example—but the opposition of Voltaire and Rousseau defined the struggle to dominate the "symbolic goods" peculiar to that field—not merely the wealth, status, and power conferred on the most prestigious writers, but the very conception of literature itself.

Consider the way "literature" figures in the most important works of these two writers.

First, Voltaire. His long, complex, and changing oeuvre can hardly be reduced to a formula, not even "écrasez l'infâme"; but I will be so bold as to suggest that a key word lies at the heart of it: *politesse*.

In 1730 Voltaire was overwhelmed by an incident, which haunted him for the rest of his life. His beloved mistress, the great actress Adrienne Lecouvreur, suddenly died after playing the lead in his tragedy *Oedipe*. Voltaire had sat by her bed in her last agony, and he may well have witnessed the disposal of her body, which was thrown into a common ditch, without the slightest ceremony. Death struck Adrienne Lecouvreur before she had time to renounce her profession and to receive the last sacraments. Actors and actresses were excluded from the rites of the church, so the body of Adrienne Lecouvreur could not be buried in hallowed ground. It was dumped in a ditch and covered with quicklime to speed its decomposition.

This obscene act obsessed Voltaire right up to the moment of his own death, when he feared that his body would receive the same treatment. It appears in some of his most impassioned poetry, in the *Lettres philosophiques*, and even in *Candide*. In chapter 22, Candide visits Paris and is told the story in all its horror. he then remarks: "That [was] very impolite." Not what we would expect by way of comment on a barbarism that had set a lover's blood to boil.

The first characteristic Candide noticed among the inhabitants of the utopian society of Eldorado was their "extreme politeness." He marveled at their good manners, elegant clothing, sumptuous housing, exquisite food, sophisticated conversation, refined taste, and superb wit. The king of Eldorado epitomized these qualities. he "received them with all imaginable grace and invited them politely to supper." Utopia is above all a "société polie" or "policée," which is the same thing.

I think the discussion of Voltaire's politics has turned around a "question mal posée": Was he a liberal? A champion of enlightened despotism? A man of the Left, or the Right, or the Center? In fact, Voltaire understood politics according to categories that antedated all those terms and that no longer exist. "There are only three ways of subjugating men," he wrote. "To police them by proposing laws to them, to employ religion to buttress those laws, and to slaughter one part of a nation in order to govern the other." The three methods really came down to two: politics was a matter of tyranny and superstition on the one hand, or an "Etat policé" on the other.

The eighteenth-century notion of "police" could be translated roughly as rational administration. It belonged (conceptually, not etymologically) to a series of interlocking terms—*poli, police, policé, politique*—which extend from culture to politics. For Voltaire, the cultural system of the Old Regime shaded off into a power system, and the code of polite society belonged to the politics of enlightened absolutism.

The interpenetration of culture and politics is the main theme of Voltaire's most ambitious treatise, *Le Siècle de Louis XIV*. This was a crucial work for eighteenth-century writers, a book that defined the literary system of the Old Regime and that created literary history in France, rather as Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* established literary criticism and history in England. In *Le Siècle de Louis XIV* Voltaire argued, in effect, that all history is literary history. Kings, queens, and generals do not count in the long run, although they attract most of the attention of their contemporaries and occupy a good deal of Voltaire's narrative. What matters above all is civilization. So, of the four happy ages in the history of mankind, the greatest was the age of Louis XIV, when French literature reached its zenith and the politeness ("la politesse et l'esprit de société") of the

French court set a standard for all of Europe.

By civilization, Voltaire meant something akin to Norbert Elias's "civilizing process." It is the moving force in history, a combination of esthetic and social elements, manners and mores ("moeurs"), which pushes society toward the ideal of Eldorado, a state in which men are perfectly "poli" and "policé." So Voltaire understood *politesse* as power, and he saw an essential connection between classical French literature and the absolutism of the French state under Louis XIV.

This argument underlies the key episodes of *Le Siècle de Louis XIV*. Louis masters the French language by studying the works of Corneille. He controls the court by staging plays. And he dominates the kingdom by turning the court itself into an exemplary theatre. That idea may be a cliché now, but Voltaire (with help from Saint Simon) invented it. he saw power as performance—the acting out of a cultural code. The code spread from Versailles to Paris, to the provinces, and to the rest of Europe. Voltaire does not deny the importance of armies, but he interprets the supremacy of Louis XIV as ultimately a matter of cultural hegemony.

Playwrights, academicians, the masters of the French language, and the molders of the beaux-arts played a crucial part in the creation of this theatre-state; and their leader was Molière. Voltaire presents him, of course, as the creator of the Comédie française, the supreme institution in the absolutist system of culture. But he also makes him out to be a "philosophe" and even a force in politics. For it is Molière who writes the script of the new court culture. The performances of his plays set a tone for the court as a whole; and because the court is also a theatre, they operate as plays within a play, spreading their influence in ever-widening circles. Voltaire describes the court production of *Tartuffe* in 1664 as the high point of a fête, which was the high point of a reign, which was the highest point in history.

In short, Voltaire presented the literary system of the Old Regime as a power system, a crucial ingredient of the Louisquatorzean state, and he placed Molière at the very heart of it—as the "legislator of the code of conduct in polite society."

How does this highly inaccurate and anachronistic vision of history apply to Rousseau? Curiously, in light of the later

antagonism between him and Voltaire, he accepted it. He subscribed to Voltaire's version of cultural history, but he saw it negatively rather than positively. Rousseau took culture to be the force that holds society together, the essence of politics, and therefore the source of all the evil in the current social order. When he traced inequality back to its origins, he found it connected with the origins of language. When he followed the development of language, of literature, of the arts and sciences, he discerned a process of ever-increasing enslavement. The chains that bound mankind in the present had been forged by the finest artists in the world. To break those chains, therefore, the oppressed would have to turn against their culture; and they could not choose a better target for a cultural revolution than the classic French theatre.

This theme runs through all Rousseau's writing. It was the essence of his illumination on the route to Vincennes. You remember the famous episode: Rousseau, an unknown scribbler living down and out in Paris, was walking to the prison on the outskirts of the city in order to visit Diderot, his friend and fellow hack, who had been locked up for publishing unorthodox and illegal books. Rousseau's path took him past the Enfants trouvés, where he had abandoned his illegitimate children, and onto an open road. As the sun beat down upon him, he pulled a journal from his pocket and read an announcement of a contest sponsored by the Academy of Dijon for the best essay on the topic, "Has the restoration of the sciences and arts tended to purify morals?"

The question, as he described it later in his *Confessions*, literally knocked him off his feet and into a delirium. When he awoke, he found that it had cut to the heart of his existence. It had forced him to ask another, more troubling question: "Who am I?" And to face the answer: a Grub Street hack, an intellectual tramp, a literary flim-flam man, living off handouts and odd jobs, trying to get operas performed and fiction published, working the salons in search of patrons and the cafes for contacts, living with a semi-literate, plebeian wench, and abandoning the children to the orphanage—that is, to almost certain death. What had happened to him? What had become of the innocent boy who had begun life among the honest artisans of Geneva? He had been corrupted. How? By trying to win

a place for himself as a man of letters—that is, by literature, by culture, by internalizing the code of the salons.

So, when Rousseau wrote his answer to the question of the academy, he lashed out at culture itself—not just the arts and sciences, but culture in the broadest sense, as a way of life peculiar to the dominant classes of the Old Regime, or as he put it, “this uniform and perfidious veil of politeness [“politesse”] that we owe to the Enlightenment [“lumières”] of our century.”

Enlightenment, the cause of the philosophes and the favorite game of the salons, was therefore bound up with the cultural system. When Rousseau pursued this thought to its logical conclusion a few years later, he broke with the philosophes; he drove a great wedge through the cause that he had joined; and he split his century in two.

How did he make the break? By an act of literary criticism, in his *Lettre à d’Alembert sur les spectacles*. This was the first and greatest act of deconstruction in the history of literature—greater than the deconstruction of Rousseau wrought by Jacques Derrida and Paul de Man. Rousseau took apart Molière’s *Misanthrope* and transformed it into a manifesto for a cultural revolution. He accepted Voltaire’s notion that the theatre was the keystone to the culture of the Old Regime; then he turned it against the regime itself. Behind d’Alembert’s article in the *Encyclopédie* proposing that a theatre be erected in Geneva, he (rightly) spied Voltaire. Behind Voltaire, he perceived the entire literary system of France. And behind the literature, he saw a system of power—power imbedded in language, in social codes, and in the behavior patterns of everyday life.

In short, Rousseau invented anthropology, and he did so as Freud invented psychoanalysis—by doing it to himself. Out of his introspection, his autobiographical obsession, he drew the insight that political systems are held together, are made to stick, by the force of culture. He transformed Voltaire’s patrician view of literature into democratic political theory; and he crowned his analysis of politics with a proposal for a civil religion, with republican festivals of the kind that he placed in his imagination on the shores of Lake Geneva, at the opposite extreme from the sophisticated theatricality of the court of Louis XIV, but not so far from what would soon take place in the streets of revolutionary Paris.

As it happened, the Revolution had room for both Voltaire and Rousseau. It put both of them in the Pantheon. Voltaire provided it with weapons against the church, Rousseau with weapons against the aristocracy. But at the high point of the Revolution, from August 1792 to July 1794, the Rousseauistic current swept everything before it. The Jacobins denounced Voltairean wit as a sign of “the aristocracy of the mind,” and Robespierre banished laughter from the Republic of Virtue. They knew what they were doing, and it was serious business, nothing less than the reconstruction of reality. So they began with the task left to them by Rousseau, a task so strange that we can barely understand it—the rewriting of Molière.

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Professor Darnton was born in New York City on May 10, 1939. He attended Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts on scholarship and graduated Magna Cum Laude and Phi Beta Kappa from Harvard University in 1960. For the next four years he studied at Oxford University on a Rhodes Scholarship and earned the B.Phil. and D.Phil. degrees in History.

After a year as reporter for *The New York Times*, Professor Darnton served on the staff of Harvard University as a Junior Fellow in the Society of Fellows. In 1968 he joined the Princeton University faculty where he rose to the rank of full professor in 1972. In 1985 he was made Shelby Cullom Davis Professor of European History and since 1987 has directed Princeton's Program in European Cultural Studies.

In addition to teaching at Princeton University, Professor Darnton has lectured frequently in the United States and in Europe. He was Directeur d'Etudes, Ecole des Hautes Etudes en Sciences Sociales, Paris in 1971, 1981, and 1985; Fellow in the Center for Advanced Studies in the Behavioral Sciences, Stanford University, California, 1973-74; Fellow at the Netherlands Institute for Advanced Study, 1976-77; member of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton University, 1977-81; George Eastman Visiting Professor, Oxford University, 1986-87; and part-time lecturer at the College de France in 1987.

Professor Darnton has written prolifically in the field of French history. In addition to about seventy articles, he has published the following major books:

- Mesmerism and the End of the Enlightenment in France* (Harvard University Press, 1968);
- The Business of Enlightenment: A Publishing History of the Encyclopédie, 1775-1800* (Harvard University Press, 1979);
- The Literary Underground of the Old Regime* (Harvard University Press, 1982);
- The Great Cat Massacre and Other Episodes in French Cultural History* (Basic Books, 1984).
- Revolution in Print: The Press in France, 1775-1800* (The University of California Press, 1989; co-edited with Daniel Roche); and
- Edition et sédition dans la France pré-révolutionnaire* (Gallimard, 1989).

Several of the above books have been published in French, German, Italian, Japanese, Dutch, Portuguese, Spanish and Hungarian and in paperback editions.

In recognition of his excellence in scholarship and teaching, Professor Darnton has received numerous awards including the Clifford Prize by the American Society for Eighteenth-Century Studies, 1971 and 1973; the Koren Prize by the Society for French Historical Studies, 1973; the Leo Gershey Prize by the American Historical Association, 1979; the MacArthur Prize Fellowship, 1982; *Los Angeles Times Book Prize*, 1984; Honorary Doctorate, Université de Neufchatel, 1986; the Behrman Humanities Award, Princeton University, 1987; the Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres (France), 1988; and honorable mention for the Eugene Asher Award for excellence in teaching by the American Historical Association, 1988.

Professor Darnton has found time to serve his profession in a number of capacities, among them as Vice President and President of the International Society for Eighteenth-Century Studies; member of executive boards or boards of directors of the American Society for Eighteenth-Century Studies, the Center for the Book of the Library of Congress, the Arbeitskreis für Geschichte des Buchwesens, Wolfenbüttel, West Germany, the Program in the History of the Book in American Culture of the American Antiquarian Society, the Voltaire Foundation, Oxford, and the Social Science Research Council. He has served on the editorial boards of the Princeton University Press, *The American Scholar*, the *Revue de synthèse*, *History of the Human Sciences*, and *Communication*.

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